The Cavaliers Comfort;

OR,

Long lookt for will come at laſt.

Here's good news from Sea now ſent to the Shore,
And good news on Land, ſo what would you have more.
To the Tune of *The King injoys his own again.*

CHeer up your hearts, and be not afraid,
all you that faithful ſerved the King,
What though you long have bin dismayd,
good news I now intend to bring:
Let ſorrows depart,
And cheer up your heart,
and think not on your troubles paſt:
Lets pray for the King,
And merrily ſing,
long lookt for may now come at laſt.

The firſt good news I ſhall unfold,
I'm ſure 'twill make you all full glad,
'Tis news of money I am told,
I hope it will not make you mad,
The old Cavaliers,
Shall have their arrears,
and ſome content for their ſervice paſt.
This is truth I declare,
Then do not diſpair,
long lookt for now will come at laſt.

Your ſufferings long hath bin tis known,
aſham'd I am for to expreſſe,
Some part already hath bin ſhown,
and yet no comfort nor redreſſe,
But now coms the time,
Then do not repine,
for long you have not to endure:
Such want and poverty,
For your Faith and Loyalty,
long lookt for now will come be ſure.

In every County of the Land,
Commiſſioners will ſit be ſure,
To hear and for to underſtand,
what hands each Souldier can procure,
And if they have bin,
True to the King,
and for him ſtood ſtill firm and faſt,
Then to their deſerts,
They ſhall have their parts,
long lookt for then will come at laſt.

But let no turn-coats then appear,
for if they do 'twill be in vain,
Nor no diſſembling Cavalier,
they muſt be free from any ſtain,
For if they be found,
They once turned round,
Then all their time they'l ſpend in waſt,
None muſt appear,
Then for Cavalier
but he that ſtood for the King to the laſt.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

More news I have to tell you here,
I hope 'twil give you all content,
Our Royal Queen they ſay is neer,
upon the Seas ſhe now is bent,
Her Fleet 's under Sail,
With a brave gallant gale,
God ſend them a fair and pleaſant blaſt,
And ſafe with the King,
That we may all ſing
long lookt for now 'tis come at laſt.

The King with all his Noble train,
prepared is to goe likawiſe,
In Royal pomp to entertain,
his Conſort, and to ſolemnize,
That happy day,
Wherein we may,
with voices loud be heard and ſeen,
With one accord,
Crave all of the Lord,
to bleſſe our gracious King and Queen.

A happy moneth of May we had,
when as our King to London came,
It made all faithful ſubjects glad,
I hope this will produce the ſame:
There is no fear,
But this happy year,
will make amends for many paſt
Content let us be,
And then we ſhall ſee,
long lookt for now will come at laſt.

For to conclude and end my ſong,
ſome things I do deſire to ſee,
In it I ſhall do none no wrong,
who faithful to the King will be,
That all may agree,
In Love and Unity,
To forgive and forget all that is paſt,
Next that we might,
Every one have his right,
long lookt for then would come at laſt.

That Cavaliers may all be paid,
and Traytors to have their deſert,
That have the Kingdom ſo betrayd,
I think there's few will take their part,
I mean none but thoſe,
That yet are our foes,
and longs to ſee this Kingdom waſt:
But let them beware,
Of the Hangmans ſnare.
long lookt for then may come at laſt,

FINIS.

London, Printed for *William Gilbertſon* dwelling in *Giltſpur-ſtreet*.